Dress For The Slide, Not For The Ride
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Dress For The Slide, Not For The Ride

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Summary

Helping your trainee make poor decisions while shes going through a rough patch in her relationship

Notes

Smth smth I know this fic looks chud as hell having vodka cheat on Daisca with the trainer but its still yuri I promise. I'll have the Daisca cheating chaoter after it's gonna be peak I swear

Anyways enjoy I have smth fluff up next, just annoying to upload with how little free time the military gives me

First time writing vodka and I honestly didn't know much other than SHES A MASSIVE BOTTOM FAGGOT so bear with me, I'll get better as I go. But she is a fun character to write

https://discord.gg/KjnFJ6HG6a

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

The afternoon sun is cutting hard through the blinds of your office, painting long, sharp stripes across the mountain of paperwork on your desk. Usually, this is the quietest part of the day at Tracen Academy, a rare window to catch up on budget forms and race registrations without an eight foot tall powerhouse tearing through the room.

Today though, you aren't alone.

On the leather couch across from your desk, Vodka is practically melted into the cushions. Her athletic frame is sprawled out at an awkward angle, one long leg draped over the armrest while her tail twitches in a slow, irritated rhythm against the floor. She's actively skipping third-period history, a fact you both know, but when she had kicked your door open forty minutes ago looking like a thundercloud, you just pointed to the couch and went back to typing. As her trainer —and more importantly, her friend—you know exactly when to pull rank, and when to just let her simmer.

Right now, she is simmering at absolute boiling point.

"Stupid... stubborn..." Vodka mutters to the ceiling, her voice a low, gravelly rasp. She lifts an arm, pressing the back of her leather-jacketed wrist over her eyes, hiding the cream-colored patch of her bangs. "Thinkin' she runs the damn place just because she can recite the handbook backwards."

You stop typing, your fingers hovering over the keyboard. "Still not talking to her?"

"Talk to her?" Vodka bolts upright, the sudden movement causing the sofa springs to groan under her weight. Her light brown eyes glare at you, the dark rings around her pupils wide with frustration. "I'd rather run a ten-kilometer dirt track in high heels! She started it! I'm mindin' my own business, right? Just talkin' about how a real lone wolf doesn't need to follow some basic-ass curfew on a Friday, and she goes off about responsibility and reputation like she's my mother!"

You lean back in your chair, crossing your arms. You've heard variations of this fight a hundred times. Vodka and Daiwa Scarlet are the definitions of polar opposites—the delinquent-wannabe and the golden-child class rep. They bicker over who left the milk out, who stole whose hair ties, whose turn it is to clean the bathroom. But

usually, by hour three, the pride cracks and they're back to being attached at the hip.

This time, it's different. It’s been four days. Four days of total radio silence between the academy's most inseparable couple. And it’s bleeding onto the track.

"Vodka," you say gently, keeping your tone grounded. "You missed three apex markers during morning mock-runs today. Your head isn't in the race. If this is just another dumb argument, you two need to squash it."

"It's not dumb!" she barks, though the sheer volume of her voice cracks at the end, betraying how raw she actually is. She shoves her hands deep into her short pockets, her ears pinning back flat against her short, dark brown hair. She looks away staring intently at the floorboards between her boots. "And my running is fine. I'm just... pacing myself."

"You almost ran straight into the outer rail on turn four."

"I was just testing something out!" she shoots back, her cheeks flaring with a sudden, angry heat. But the bravado drains out of her just as fast as it came. Her shoulders sag, her frame shrinking into itself as much as her body possibly could. "Look... it doesn't matter. I don't care what she does. If she wants to be a stuck-up snob and pretend I don't exist, fine. I can play that game."

It’s a blatant lie, and a terrible one at that. You know how deeply she cares about Scarlet. You’re one of the very few people who knows the truth about their relationship—the quiet, intense affection they share, the way Vodka completely melts whenever Scarlet actually shows her genuine tenderness. For Vodka to be this miserable, the fight must have cut deep into both of their massive, unyielding walls of pride.

You sigh, sliding your paperwork to the side. You've tried to give them space, telling yourself that a trainer's job stops at the track limits. But watching her sit there, looking entirely defeated while trying to play the tough guy, is getting painful.

"She didn't show up to watch your sprints today," you mention quietly. "Scarlet never misses your time trials, even when she's furious."

Vodka’s tail gives a violent, involuntary flinch. Her grip tightens inside her pockets so hard you can hear the leather strain. For a second, you think she’s going to storm out, to kick your filing cabinet

or yell at you to mind your business. Instead, she just stares at her boots, her right eye hidden beneath her bangs, her left ear twitching toward the sound of your voice.

"Yeah, well..." Vodka's voice drops to a fragile whisper, all the delinquent swagger completely evaporating. "Maybe she's finally realized she's too good for a screw-up like me."

You don't let her stay buried in that kind of defeat. You slide your chair back, the rollers clicking against the floor, and cross the room to stand near the couch. Even sitting down, Vodka occupies a huge presence in the room, her long legs taking up nearly the entire length of the leather cushions. But right now, her ears are pinned so flat against her short dark hair that she looks half her actual size.

"Hey," you say, your voice dropping to that quiet, steady register when you needed to comfort someone. "Look at me."

She huffs, her tail giving a sharp, defensive thud against the couch. For a second, she keeps her arm thrown over her eyes, stubborn to the bone. Then, slowly, she drops her wrist. Her light brown eyes find yours, the dark rings around her pupils wide and uncharacteristically vulnerable, shadowed by the cream-colored patch of her bangs.

"You're not a screw-up," you tell her clearly, leaving absolutely no room for her to argue. "And Scarlet doesn't think that either. You two are both just too pig-headed to realize that a blowout doesn't mean the end of everything."

Vodka shifts, her boots scraping against the floor as she sits up a bit straighter. She tries to pull her armor back over herself, crossing her arms over her yellow tank top and flaring the collar of her leather jacket. "Pfft. Please. I'm fine, Partner. A real roadster doesn't get rattled by a little headwind. I'm just... taking a pit stop. Refueling the engine."

"Right. And that's why you've been moping in my office for an hour instead of going to class?" You offer a small, teasing smile, leaning against the edge of your desk. "You're starving for a little attention because Scarlet won't give you any, aren't you?"

"I-I am not!" Vodka's ears instantly shoot straight up, twitching wildly as a bright, unmistakable crimson flush creeps rapidly up her neck, staining her cheeks. She looks away, her left hand flying to the golden band on her ear, fingers nervously fumbling with the teal jewel. "Who needs attention?! I'm a lone wolf! I thrive in isolation! It's—it's part of

the aesthetic!"

"Uh-huh. Well, the lone wolf's split times are down by two whole seconds, and her trainer happens to think she's still the most formidable racer on the long stretch," you say, intentionally leaning into the praise. You know you're stepping slightly past the boundaries of a standard trainer-trainee relationship, but seeing her this broken up justifies the extra effort. You know how much she relies on Scarlet, and with that gone, she's running on empty.

Vodka freezes. Her eyes dart back to you, wide and blinking. The compliment hits her like a physical force, and you can practically see her absorbing it, drinking in the validation she's been starved of for the last ninety-six hours.

"Y-You... you really think that?" she mutters. The tough-guy rasp completely drops out of her voice, replaced by something incredibly soft and eager. Her tail starts to twitch again, but this time it's a loose, hesitant wag against the side of the sofa. "Even with the apex markers this morning? You aren't just blowing smoke up my exhaust?"

"I don't waste time on smoke, Vodka. You've got more heart than anyone else out there. One rough patch with your girl isn't going to change that."

The mention of "your girl" combined with the direct praise sends her straight into overdrive. Vodka's face goes from pink to an absolute, radiant scarlet that rivals her roommate's silks. She lets out a choked, flustered squeak, her hands flying up to cover her face as her ears bend outward in sheer embarrassment.

"Agh! Q-Quit it! Don't just say things like that out loud with a straight face!" she groans, her voice muffled behind her fingerless gloves. "You're way too casual with that stuff, Trainer! Seriously, it's weird!"

You can't help but chuckle, the tension in the room finally breaking away. You walk over to the small fridge in the corner, pulling out a cold can of her favorite soda and tossing it across the short distance. Her reflexes kick in automatically; one arm snaps out to catch it cleanly out of the air.

"Drink up, Vodka," you say, walking back to your desk but keeping your attention entirely on her. "If you're going to skip class, you might as well help me sort these registration forms. I'll even let you stamp the official academy seal on them. It makes a really loud, satisfying thud. Very cool."

Vodka looks down at the can, then up at you, her pupils softening completely. She pops the tab with her thumb, taking a huge, grateful gulp before setting it down on the side table. A cocky, familiar smirk finally plays at the corner of her mouth, even if her cheeks are still a little pink.

"Heh... a loud thud, huh? Yeah, okay. Guess I can lend ya some of my star power since you're beggin' for it," she says, sliding off the couch and stepping toward your desk, her height casting a long shadow over the paperwork. She plants her fists on her hip. "But you owe me for the manual labor. Next time we go out is totally on your tab."

"Deal," you reply, sliding a stack of forms toward her.

For the next hour, the office fills with the steady sound of your typing and the aggressive, rhythmic thump of Vodka slamming the ink stamp down on every document like she's trying to break the wood underneath. You keep the conversation light, leaning heavily into her favorite topics—humoring her rants about motorcycle engines, debating the coolest way to cross a finish line, and letting her boast about her hairstyle until she's completely forgotten the heavy weight that brought her through your door.

Every now and then, you notice her sneaking a glance at you when she thinks you aren't looking, her expression filled with a quiet, fierce gratitude. You might be pushing the professional envelope by coddling her this much during a personal crisis, but watching her ears perk back up and hearing her loud, boisterous laugh echo against the office walls makes it more than worth it.

But even you can only keep up with that for so long, the light banter about motorcycle mufflers and summer shades has completely drifted away, leaving a thick, heavy silence in the room that’s far too small for the two of you.

"Hey, Partner," Vodka murmurs, her voice dropping into a weirdly low tone. It’s softer, thick with an intensity that makes the hairs on your arms stand up. She sets the stamp down with a click, turning toward you. Her boot-clad legs are inches from your knees. "You... you've been really great today. Like, seriously. Better than anyone else. Better than..."

She swallows hard, her eyes dilated so wide her light brown eyes look almost completely black. Her tail gives a slow, heavy sweep against the floorboards.

"Vodka?" you say, shifting slightly in your chair. The friendly, supportive boundary you've been carefully balancing on for the last hour suddenly feels like thin ice cracking under a heavy weight.

"I'm just saying..." She leans in, her stature casting a shadow completely over your desk, blocking out the afternoon sun through the blinds. The scent of leather, sweat, and cheap body spray fills your lungs. Her left hand, adorned with those golden rings, reaches out, her fingers catching the edge of your desk right beside your hand. "I-it's just nice to have someone to talk to. Someone who actually listens. Someone who doesn't look down on 'em, y'know?"

"I was just thinking that… I… uhm…"

She bends down, her hair falling forward. She's close. Too close. Her breath hits your face, hot and rapid, her chest heaving underneath that yellow tank top. She's looking at your lips with a desperate, reckless focus—a sudden, frantic urge to fill the gaping, painful void. She pitches forward, her lips parting as she awkwardly, bluntly tries to close the distance for a kiss.

Instinct screams before your brain can process the delicate politics of the situation.

"Vodka, stop!"

You push back in your chair, the wheels screeching loudly against the floorboards as you create distance, your hands up in a defensive, sharp gesture. "What are you doing? No. Absolutely not."

The rejection hits the room like a physical slap.

Vodka freezes mid-air, her mouth still slightly open. The sudden movement of your retreat leaves her stranded, leaning awkwardly over your desk. Instantly, the crimson flush on her face drains away, leaving her incredibly pale, before rushing back in a violent, burning wave of sheer humiliation. Her ears twitching twitching with a raw, panicked energy.

"I-I—" she stammers, her voice cracking completely as she snaps herself back upright, nearly knocking over the can of soda on the side table. She shoves her hands violently into her pockets, her shoulders rising up past her ears. "I wasn't—! What, do you think I was...?! Pfft! As if! A I was just... checking your forehead for a fever! Yeah! You looked totally flushed, Partner!"

She’s shaking. The tough, hard-boiled front is gone, leaving her looking utterly pathetic and exposed. She turns her back to you, staring desperately at the wall map of the Tracen training tracks, her breath coming in ragged, shallow gasps.

"Man, you really... you really take things the wrong way," she laughs, a hollow, dry sound that cuts through the room. "I don't do that sentimental crap. It's totally uncool. Completely... lame..."

Her voice completely dies out on the last word. Her broad, powerful shoulders sag, and for a second, you think she might actually start crying right there in your office. It’s glaringly obvious what just happened. It wasn't real, calculated romance; it was a wild, desperate flail from a girl who feels completely abandoned by her best friend, turning to the only other source of warmth in her life and misreading the signals entirely.

You look at her standing there, so massive yet so fragile, completely crushed by your sharp reflex. The guilt hits you hard in the chest. You pushed back too forcefully, treating a desperate cry for connection like a threat.

You take a deep breath, sliding out of your chair. You step around the desk, closing the distance she just tried to force. You don't stop until you're standing right behind her, looking up slightly at the back of her flicked-out hair.

"Vodka," you say quietly, your voice dropping all the harshness from a moment ago.

She doesn't turn around, her ears remaining pinned flat. "Just... go back to your work, Trainer. I'm gonna head out. Third period's probably over anyway."

"Hey." You reach out, your hand catching her upper arm. The leather of her jacket is stiff, but the muscle underneath is completely rigid with tension. You apply just enough pressure to make her pause. "I'm sorry. I snapped. I didn't mean to shout at you like that."

She stiffens further at the touch, her ear twitching back toward you. "Whatever. It doesn't matter."

"It does matter," you insist, stepping around so she's forced to look at you, even if she's keeping her eyes glued to the floorboards. You let your hand slide down from her arm, hesitating for a fraction of a second before letting your fingers brush against her gloved hand.

"Look... I know things are completely messed up right now. I know you're hurting."

Vodka's head shifts slightly, her left eye peeking out from beneath her bangs.

"If you need... if you need a little extra support right now, I'm here," you say, consciously leaning into the gray area you just tried to escape. Seeing her this pathetic, this completely drained of her vibrant life, makes the job feel entirely secondary. You want to fix it. You want to make the weight easier for her to carry, even if it means playing along with a narrative that's a little tangled. "Whatever that was, it's… fine?"

A tiny, sharp gasp escapes her throat. Her hand twitches against yours, her fingers curling slightly as if testing the reality of your touch. The validation hits her like a spark to dry kindling, the desperate hunger for intimacy overriding her embarrassment.

"You... you mean it?" she whispers, her head turning fully toward you now. The bright red flush returns to her cheeks, but the crushing guilt in her eyes lifts just a fraction, replaced by that intense, absorbing focus.

"You aren't just... pitying me because I look lame?"

"Never," you tell her, giving her hand a firm, reassuring squeeze. "You could never look lame to me, Vodka."

A shaky, fragile smile finally breaks through her defenses, still looking a smidgen unsure.

Her gloved hand is still gripping yours, her fingers squeezing with a desperate, crushing strength that would probably bruise you, but you don't pull away.

Instead, you let her step closer, body completely swallowing you up against the edge of the desk.

"Heh... knew I could count on you, Partner," Vodka mutters, trying to force her voice back into that low, gravelly fake cover. She crosses her other arm over her chest, trying to strike a casual pose against the desk, but her tail is executing a series of wild, erratic sweeping motions. "A real driver needs a loyal mechanic, right? Someone to... y'know, keep the engine warm when the garage gets cold."

She shifts her weight, her long, leather boots clicking sharply. With a sudden, clumsy burst of bravado, she reaches out and wraps her massive arms around your shoulders, pulling you into an awkward, towering hug. She’s trying to be the smooth, dominant one—the delinquent taking what’s hers—but you can feel the frantic, hyperactive hammering of her heart right through her shirt. Her chin rests heavily on the top of your head, her short dark hair brushing against your face.

"Yeah... just like this," she mumbles, her grip tightening until your ribs ache slightly. "We're a team. Bad to the bone. We don't need anyone else. Especially not some stuck-up, bossy sore loser who thinks she owns everything..."

You let her hold you, absorbing the sheer, desperate weight of her presence. You reach up, lightly tracing the leather of her jacket, letting her have the control she so desperately craves right now. But as her grip loosens slightly and she looks down at you, the reality of the situation forces its way into your throat.

"Vodka," you say softly, your voice grounded against the rapid rhythm of her breathing. "Are you sure about this? What about Scarlet?"

The name hits her like a speed bump at eighty miles an hour. Vodka’s ears instantly flinch, pinning back flat against her head. A flash of pure, unadulterated guilt flickers across her face, her pupils contracting for a split second as she stares down at you.

"S-Scarlet?" she stammers, her cheeks violently flaring with a fresh wave of heat. She forces a loud, defensive scoff, though her voice cracks completely on the delivery. "Who cares about her?! She's the one who turned the lights out on me! If she sees us... if she finds out I'm ridin' shotgun with someone else, then good! Let her see what happens when you leave a finely tuned machine out in the rain! It's... it's just payback! Get-back! A real rider doesn't get left behind; she finds a better crew!"

It’s completely transparent. She’s using you as a shield against her own heartbreak, a clumsy attempt to provoke the girl she actually can't stand being apart from. But looking up at her flustered, desperate expression, you realize you're already too deep into the turn to pull the brakes.

"Alright," you murmur, leaning into her chest. "If that's what you want."

"Y-Yeah! That's exactly what I want!" Vodka declares, her pride flaring up as she misinterprets your compliance as a victory. She grips your shoulders again, her face darkening into a fierce, intense crimson. "Watch close, Partner... I'm gonna show you how a real cool guy takes the lead."

She sets her jaw, attempting to look like some hard-boiled romance hero she saw in a late-night movie. She bends her height down, closing the distance between your faces with a deliberate, slow motion. Her eyes lock onto your lips, her breath hitting your skin in hot, uneven puffs.

But as the distance shrinks to mere inches, the bravado evaporates into thin air.

The sheer intimacy of the moment hits Vodka like a brick wall. Her eyes go wide, vibrating with sheer panic. Her entire body begins to tremble under the weight of her own embarrassment. Her face doesn't just turn red; it goes a dark, dangerous maroon, the heat radiating off her skin like an oven.

"I-I'm... we're... you're..." she stammers, her lips hovering just an inch from yours, completely paralyzed by her own vulnerability.

Suddenly, a bright crimson droplet spills from her right nostril, splashing right onto the lapel of her jacket. The classic, total system overload. Vodka lets out a horrified, muffled squeak, her hands flying up to cover her face as she tries to yank herself backward in absolute mortification.

"Agh! No! Damn it!" she wails behind her gloves, her tail violently lashing. "Not now! This totally isn't cool! This is so un-suave—!"

You don't let her retreat.

Before she can pull herself away into another spiral of self-loathing, you reach up and catch her wrists, pulling her hands away from her face. She freezes, blinking down at you through her messy bangs, her nose bleeding slightly, her ears twitching in utter chaos.

You lean in, closing the final inch of distance yourself.

When your lips meet hers, Vodka lets out a sharp, muffled gasp against your mouth. She goes entirely rigid, her eyes wide with shock as you take full control of the kiss. You press into her, guiding the rhythm, melting away the clumsy, performative delinquent front until

there's nothing left but the raw, unfiltered warmth of the girl underneath.

Slowly, the tension drains out of her shoulders. Her eyes flutter shut, her arms coming down to wrap around your waist, pulling you tightly against her as she completely surrenders to your lead, letting you steer wherever you want to go.

Not even making an attempt to fight you for control. Her tall stature, usually so imposing on the track, feels entirely malleable under your hands as you keep your lips locked onto hers, drinking in her ragged, breathless gasps.

You slowly guide her backward, your steps slightly tangled as her boots clip against the legs of the desk. She stumbles blindly, her tail lashing behind her in a wild, frantic rhythm until the back of her knees hit the edge of the leather sofa. With a soft, heavy thud that makes the springs groan, she sinks down onto the cushions, looking up at you with her light brown eyes completely wide and glazed with a desperate, heavy hunger.

"T-Trainer..." she breathes against your mouth, her voice a shattered, trembling whisper as you step between her knees and slide right onto her lap.

Sitting on top of her like this, the sheer physical contrast between you is dizzying. Her long, athletic legs frame your hips, and her broad shoulders take up the entire backrest, but she feels completely helpless beneath you, her fingers twitching against her leather shorts as if she’s forgotten how to use them. The deep maroon flush has spread all the way down her neck, staining the exposed skin of her collarbones above the tank top.

"Shut up and look at me," you murmur, leaning down to capture her lips again.

Vodka lets out a shaky, desperate whimper, her mouth parting instantly to welcome you. She arches her back slightly, her chest heaving against yours as she surrenders entirely to your rhythm. For all her tough-guy talk earlier, she is incredibly easy to manipulate when someone finally takes the reins. You reach down, wrapping your fingers around her wrists, and slowly pull her hands away from her sides.

Her palms are hot, the fingerless gloves rough against your skin. You guide her hands upward, sliding them right underneath the hem of

your shirt, pressing her bare palms directly against the bare skin of your waist.

Vodka's entire body gives a violent, electric flinch the moment her skin meets yours. Her eyes snap open, with a mixture of absolute panic and raw, unfiltered adoration.

"A-Agh... wait, Trainer—" she gasps, her breath hitching sharply as you press her hands firmer against your ribs, forcing her to feel the warmth of your body. "This... this is way too... your skin is so warm... damn it, I can't... I can't think straight..."

"Don't," you whisper, leaning down to trail your lips along her jawline. You can feel the rapid, violent pulse pounding in her throat. "Just hold onto me. Isn't this what you wanted?"

"Y-Yeah... yeah, it is," she groans, her pride completely melting away into a messy, pathetic need for more. Her grip tightens, her large hands trembling as they curve around your waist, her fingers digging gently into your skin beneath the fabric. She pulls you down harder against her lap, her tail wrapping tightly around the leg of the couch. "It feels... so damn good… just like..."

The leather of the couch creaks violently beneath Vodka's immense mass as you shift your weight, deliberately pressing your hips down into the center of her lap, to shut her up. Every time you move, a pathetic, high-pitched whimper hitches in her throat, her ears twitching erratically against the cushions. Beneath the thick fabric of her leather shorts, you can feel it—rigid, thick, and pulsing with a frantic, heavy rhythm right against your pelvis.

"T-Trainer... wait, you're..." Vodka pants, her fingers digging so hard into your waist under your shirt that her rings bite slightly into your skin. "You're rubbin' right against it... hmnfh—! Damn it, it's—I'm..."

"I thought you wanted to show me how you take the lead, Vodka," you whisper against her lips, grinding your hips in an agonizingly slow circle.

The friction causes her to let out a loud, ragged gasp, her back arching off the sofa. "Agh! That's... that's not fair! You're completely pinning me down... I can't..... just let me..." She tries to lift her hips to meet you, to regain some semblance of her pride, but you press your hand flat against her stomach, keeping her securely anchored to the bottom.

You reach down between your bodies, your fingers finding the heavy

brown belt at her waist. Vodka's tail thumps frantically against the leg of the couch as you flick the silver buckle open. The sound of the leather sliding free is loud in the quiet office. You unzip the black leather shorts and slide them down over her toned hips, pulling her underwear down along with them until her thick, heavily throbbing dick snaps free into the warm air.

It's large, fitting of her biology, already dripping heavily with thick, clear precum that coats the underside from where it was dampening her boxers. It throbs violently against her lower abdomen, hot to the touch and radiating an intense heat. Vodka slams her eyes shut, her face turning a deep, bruised purple as she tries to hide behind her bangs.

"Don't look at it," she groans, her voice cracking completely into a needy whine. "It's... it's embarrassing... I'm supposed to be the cool one here..."

"You look perfect," you murmur, quickly undoing your own pants and pushing them down, freeing your own heat to meet hers.

When you sit back down on her lap, you don't take her inside. Instead, you position yourself so that your sex aligns with hers perfectly, the slick from her length instantly smearing across your skin. You begin to shift your weight, rubbing yourselves together in long, slow slides. The direct, wet friction makes Vodka's tremble, her mouth falling open as a string of breathless, desperate noises spills from her lips.

"Agh... ah! Trainer! It's too hot… I'm—!" she cries out, her large hands helplessly squeezing your thighs as you control the pace.

You lean down, your chest pressing against hers, but right before you kiss her, you pause. You shift slightly, creating just a hair of space between your skin and her throbbing, hyper-sensitive head. You lean in close and blow a soft, cool stream of air directly over the inner, fur of her ear.

Vodka's entire body frame violently convulses. Her eyes fly open, completely glazed over with an overwhelming, agonizing surge of pleasure as the cool air hits her. She thrashes her head back against the couch cushion.

"GRAHH! No, no! Stop, stop teasing me!" she wails, her hips jerking upward instinctively, desperate for the full friction, but you hold her down, keeping her right on the edge of a climax. "Please... I'm beggin' ya... don't... I'm gonna break... "

Your hips lift just an inch higher, breaking the direct friction but keeping the hyper-sensitive, dripping head of her cock pressed right against your slit. Vodka lets out a fractured, agonizing groan at the loss of the direct heat, her large hands blindly clawing at the leather cushions beneath her as her hips hitch upward in a desperate, involuntary plea for the full weight.

"T-trainer... please," she whimpers, her voice completely stripped of its swagger, leaving nothing but raw, pathetic need. Her dark brown hair is plastered to her forehead with sweat, the cream-colored patch completely disheveled. "Don't... don't lift away..."

"You're so impatient, Vodka," you murmur down at her, a low smirk pulling at your lips as you look at how utterly ruined she already is. You deliberately circle your hips right above the tip, smearing her thick, clear pre-slick over yourself before slowly, very slowly lowering your weight.

The moment the head of her shaft forces its way past your opening, Vodka's entire eight-foot frame goes completely rigid. Her toes curl hard inside her boots, the muscles in her thick, athletic thighs tightening like iron cables beneath your hands. She is massive—built with the terrifying endurance and power of a racehorse—and accommodating her length feels like trying to swallow a burning iron rod. The sheer width of her stretches you to your limit instantly, tearing a sharp, hitched gasp from your own throat.

"Ah... damn it, Vodka," you hiss, pausing for a second as your body molds itself around her throbbing, heavy width.

"T-Trainer..." Vodka gasps out, her eyes rolling back slightly. A thick string of drool spills from the corner of her mouth, her chest heaving violently beneath her yellow tank top. "You're... you're so... oh god, you're so tight... it's crushing me..."

"Stay still," you command, your voice dropping into a dominant, unyielding tone that makes her tail give a weak, submissive twitch against the sofa. You press your palms flat against her broad shoulders, using your leverage to slowly, relentlessly push yourself all the way down onto her.

The wet, sliding friction is overwhelming. Inch by agonizing inch, stretching you open, burying her entire length inside you until your pelvises slam together with a heavy, wet slap.

Vodka lets out a loud, guttural shriek that is completely stripped of

restraint as she takes the full depth of your weight. Her eyes are wide and completely glazed over with an overwhelming surge of pleasure.

"Look at you," you tease, leaning down close to her burning, red face, your breath hot against her ear. "The toughest, baddest racer at Tracen, completely submissive on my couch. You look so incredibly cute like this, Vodka."

"I'm—I'm not... ah!... cute..." she tries to bark back, but the word dissolves into a messy, high-pitched whimper as you suddenly shift your hips.

You don't give her a second to adjust. Grabbing her wrists again, you pin her hands securely beside her head, locking her down to the couch. Even with her physical superiority, you are the one in complete control right now. You lift your hips up to the tip, the tight grip of your walls pulling along her throbbing length, before slowly pressing yourself back down onto her with a determined force.

The leather of the couch creaks loudly under the heavy, relentless impact of your bodies. Vodka completely unravels beneath you, her hips jerking upward instinctively to meet every single downward plunge of your weight. She is completely enamored, entirely consumed by the blinding heat of your skin against hers as you ride her, turning the quiet training office into a deafening, slippery cage of raw, unfiltered friction.

The rhythm starts off slow, almost suffocatingly deliberately so. You sink down against her, letting her thighs frame your hips as you set a deep, grinding cadence that forces her to take every single inch of your depth.

You reach down, your fingers tangling with her short dark hair, pulling her head up just enough to press your lips against her throat. You want to make this perfect for her. You want to fill every single empty space left by the icy silence of her dorm room, to be the absolute, unyielding anchor she’s been starving for over the last four days.

"Ah... Trainer... god, it's so hot," Vodka pants, her chest heaving as her back arches to meet your down-stroke. Her hands slide up your back, her fingers digging into your skin with a desperate, heavy grip that betrays just how completely she's leaning into the comfort of your weight. "You're... you're so good at this..."

"Just focus on me, Vodka," you murmur against her skin, shifting your

weight to as best you can. You can feel her dick throbbing violently inside you, engorged to its absolute limit, the thick precum lubricating the tight channel until every movement sounds loud. "Don't think about anything else."

"Yeah... just you... just..." She lets out a long, shuddering gasp as you press down harder, your pelvis slamming flat against hers. Her eyes roll back, the dark rings around her pupils vibrating with a blinding, heavy rush of pleasure. She tosses her head to the side, her jaw clenching. "Ah... Daiwa... damn it... don't leave..."

The name is nothing more than a fractured, subconscious whisper, slipping past her parted lips in a moment of pure, unthinking vulnerability.

But it hits you like a physical blow.

Something dark and sharply territorial twists violently in your chest, a sudden, venomous spike of heat that catches you completely off guard. It’s a fierce, ugly irritation—jealousy, loud and unmistakable—that blocks out the soft, comforting air of the room. You don't know why the hell it bites so deep; you know what she is to Scarlet, you know this was just a desperate act of displacement. But hearing that name while you're the one split open on top of her, while you're the one holding her together, snaps something inside your head.

You don't say a word. You don't lecture her. You just lock your fingers brutally around her wrists, slamming her arms back down onto the leather cushions with enough force to make her eyes snap wide in sudden shock.

"T-Trainer—?"

Before she can finish the thought, you drive your hips down with a vicious, sudden violence. The slow, romantic rhythm evaporates into a hard, punishing pace. You lift yourself high, nearly pulling completely free of her, before slamming all your weight back down onto her pulsing shaft. The heavy, wet slap of your skin colliding echoes against the walls.

Vodka lets out a loud, strangled shriek, her ears shooting up at the sudden, overwhelming friction floods her entire system. Her hips try to jerk upward, to escape or to match the brutal intensity, but you lean your entire upper body over her chest, your forearms pinning her shoulders flat into the cushions, trapping her underneath you.

"Agh! Wait! It's too fast—I'm gonna—ah!" she wails, as you ride her without mercy. The slick between your genitals is all over her lap now, a thick, translucent lather building from the sheer velocity of the friction. You dig your knees into the sofa cushions on either side of her waist, using every ounce of your leverage to grind yourself down onto her width over and over again.

"You're not going anywhere," you hiss down at her, your eyes locking onto hers with an intense, possessive glare. She looks utterly ruined beneath you, trembling from head to toe, her mouth hanging open as stringy saliva leaks onto her cheek.

"C-cumming–!" she moans out, as her entire body begins to convulse with the first violent, involuntary contractions of her orgasm.

The moment she shouts it, you grip her thighs and violently lift yourself off her cock.

Vodka lets out a panicked, breathless whine at the sudden loss of the tight internal heat, her hips jerking upward in a desperate attempt to follow you, but you instantly drop your weight back down, clamping your bare thighs tightly together around her exposed length. You trap her thick, throbbing shaft right between the skin of your inner thighs, squeezing with everything you have.

"Aghn—mMnFH!"

The intense, external friction of your thighs is the final spark. Vodka's back violently arches off the couch, her eyes rolling completely into the back of her head as she blows. A thick, massive torrent of cum erupts from the tip of her dick, shooting upward in powerful, heavy ropes. The thick fluid splatters violently across your lower abdomen and the smooth skin of your inner thighs, dripping down in hot, sticky streaks that pool against the leather cushions beneath her.

She pumps over and over, her length twitching pathetically between your legs as she empties herself completely, her chest heaving in shallow, ragged gasps as the adrenaline slowly drains from her muscular frame.

You slide off her lap, your own release a messy afterthought against her skin as you sink onto the carpet beside the couch. The room is dead quiet, save for the heavy, synchronous sound of your breathing and the slow, lazy dripping of her cum off the edge of the leather.

Vodka stays completely still on the sofa, her arms thrown over her

face, her tail twitching weakly in the aftermath. You look down at your thighs, coated in the thick, cooling white mask of her fluid, and a heavy, knotted confusion settles deep into your gut. The sharp, bitter taste of that sudden jealousy is still lingering on the back of your tongue, an annoying, persistent itch you can't rationalize away. You wanted to make it easier for her, but as you stare at the quiet mess in your office, you have absolutely no idea what the hell you just started.

End Notes

Skrrrrt

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